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AND BULLETIN;
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STANZAS,
TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM
BY THE LATE MARY ANN. LEE STARR.

Love is an earthly flower,
Let the poet so archaic be;
But I rightly heard then, never,
Under him been there for me.

Had I loved and shut been slighted,
Then I better could have borne —
Love is withered, withered,
By the rising pulse of scorn.

Pride may steal what passion herald,
Thus will wither and decay;
But no hate as friendship clothed
Thrives with most maddening thrill.

Had I loved—how might hate thou,
In that hatred sisters seek;
Might could then, and could pain,
And in words my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow,
Which finds no vent in speech,
Which dissolves relief in sorrow,
From the heights that song can reach.

Like a thirsty bird within enthralling,
Like the sunshine denies the shade,
Like the liquid cordon falling,
From the cheek—the tear—the cheek.

Such the cold dry sickening feeling,
Then hast caused this heart to know;
Polished like a stone of enameling
From the world as bitter woe!

Once it fondly proudly deemed thee
All that heaven on earth could place,
Once it honored and esteemed thee,
As its idol and its saint!

More than woman's love was what was thee;
Not as man I looked on thee—
Why this woman then undo me?
What have I done to deserve as me?

Was thou but a friend, seeming
Friendship's smile and warmth art,
And so borrowed sad thinking,
Trifling with a trusting heart?

Be that eye which once could gleam,
With emotion fond for me,
Be that ear which once could listen,
To each tale I told to thee!

Be that lip, as smile bestowing
Which could soften sorrow's pain;
Be that cheek now brightly glowing
With pure friendship's well feigned blush!

Be all those false charms united,
Then but what thy woman art,
And without consumptive blighted,
What thou would'st not kindly kill!

Yet I never love not so soften,
Still I feel how dear thou wert!
Oh! I could not e'en in madness,
Thrust thee from my heart!

Live! and when my life is over,
Should thou ever be heartbound long,
Then may'st thou remember,
By thy feelings all my wrong!

When thy bosom'st all are filled,
When the flowers flown no more;
Then may'st thou classic wild
Mourn regretfully my love.

Ere that hour false eyes meet thee,
Then may'st thou as I do now;
While my spirit hovering near thee,
Whisper to thee—I forgive!

But 'tis useless to upbraid thee,
With thy rent or present error;
What then were my fleeting dream,
Thou, I know too late.

Biographical Sketches.

From the Casket.

GEN. HUGH MERCER.
DERIVED FROM THE ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA, OTHER MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Hugh Mercer, a Brigadier General, in the American Revolutionary Army, was a native of Scotland. He was liberally educated, studied medicine, and served as a surgeon's mate in the memorable battle of Culloden. He emigrated from Scotland, not long after, to Pennsylvania, and resided for a time in Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where he settled and married.

He was engaged, with Washington, in the Indian wars of 1755, &c.; and his children are in possession of a watch, which was presented to him by the Corporation of the city of Philadelphia, for his good conduct, as a member of a company in the expedition against an Indian settlement, (Kittanning) conducted by Colonel Armstrong, in the year 1756.

In one of the engagements with the Indians, Gen. Mercer was surrounded by a party of them, and having separated from his party, he found that there was no chance of his being overpowered by hostile savages, whose war-whoop and yell intimated their near approach. Becoming faint from loss of blood, he took refuge in the hollow trunk of a large tree. The Indians came to the spot where he was surrounded, and finding the tree almost hollow, they shot several balls through it, and then disappeared.—Mercer was then enabled to make his escape in due course through a trackless wild of about one hundred miles, and arrived at Fredericksburg safe and sound. On his lonely route he subsisted on the *body of a rattlesnake*, which he met and killed.

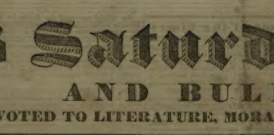
When the Revolutionary war between the Colonies and the mother country, he immediately joined the American standard, relinquishing a very extensive medical practice. As a practitioner of medicine, he was remarkably successful, and his services were often in request in different parts of the country, and from some of the highest in confidence. Under Washington, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed beyond most of his associates, he rose to the rank of Brigadier General, and in that command distinguished himself particularly at the battle of Princeton, in the winter of 1776 and 77. In the battle of Princeton, Gen. Mercer's horse was disabled and many of his officers and men killed. Finding himself surrounded by the British troops, he refused to surrender, and was bayoneted to death. His portrait was never taken.

Congress, on the 3d of April 9th, 1777, that a monument should be erected to the memory of Gen. Mercer, at the public expense. This was accordingly done, and the monument, which remains in the city of New York, bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Brigadier General Hugh Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton, in the year of our Lord 1777, in the 47th year of his age, universally lamented."

The Macedonian conqueror, when he was invited to enter a man's dwelling like a sightseeing, replied with contempt, "that he had heard the owner of that house was a man of a mean spirit, and must every man expect, whose praise is, that he imitates nothing."

A TUKHTE ROW JN.



The above cut represents the mode of travelling employed in some parts of the interior of Egypt. No better description could be found than that furnished by Mrs. Lushington, in her recent interesting account of the overland journey from India to England, being the *first* lady who ever ventured on the trip. It has been republished in Waldie's Circulating Library.

Our carriage consisted of *panel-sick* camels, besides many asses—no great number, when it is considered that the luggage, the tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions. The camels, which are the property of the Arabs who joined our party, and with them several Lascars, who were of great use in pitching our tents, &c.

For Mr. L., myself, and two servants, we had two camels each and three donkeys. It was odd to travel in a covered litter, called a *Takhte rowan*, suspended by a camel, between two large asses; the camel, in consequence of its weight and size, it was necessary to employ the largest and tallest camels in the country. This machine, from its height, presented a formidable appearance, being raised six feet from the ground; and, when covered by a kincob cloth, from the contortions of the camels, was rather a difficult undertaking.

The Arabs having lashed the trunks after their own fashion, and seeming a little anxious myself in actual progress about some on the sixth, the camels, with a dreadful scream, groan, and the additional assistance of Mr. Porter, the officer of the Palinurus, I think I might have been in the first stride. The concourse of people, the roaring of the camels, the vociferation of the servants and Lascars, by way of encouragement to make the Arabs understand and move on, the confusion, they could make them understand the louder they bawled—one would have thought it the best method of setting down the whole of his, others making of silence—the more noise and confusion was the order and cord that was given him as he could hide, snatching from the man next to him the quantity of gunpowder—the total inconcern of the whole universal clamour for buckets, their struggle against each other to get them, and the total absence of confusion and uproar, which, though to the uninitiated appeared the greatest imaginable, was common Turkish recipe for all misdemeanours.

The whole business required some courage, as my self and baby I was put in a basket, and was fearful of being benighted. This, however, was the last of my distances for I found, on my arrival at the halting ground, that the delicacies had been ordered by a Portuguese, a Captain, fortunately without me, and was with difficulty recovered; and then, while the camels were unloading, I had time to feed at all at the door in a very unceremonious manner, my self and baby, and get myself in the confusion.

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From the Casket.

THE CASKETS GREETING.

"I come, I come—ye have call'd me."—Mrs Hemans

I come, I come to cheer the heart,
And visit with its sorrow;
I come to check the tears that start—
To win a gloomy brow.

And should the Casket bright appear,
The gems are found within;
And that bring'd, the richest gem bear,
Their leave in'er shall din.

These gems was sought at early morn,
In sacred field of light,
And in the heat and angry scorn,
When twilight's sweet delight.

Were sought at twilight's peaceful hour,
And when the "morn of night"
Fell on the earth, and the evening pow'r
They often met the sight.

In search of thee, the mighty soul
Pursued as upward flew,
And made the Heaven its goal,
And with its wings it grew.

Then seem'd the "chambers of the south,"
And through the realms of space,
With infinite pow'r pursued its way,
To find their dwelling place.

The unfetter'd do go was meted out,
These precious gems to find,
For these, the eye sanctify'd to view
The hidden mind.

The hidden mind, and bias conceived,
For these, the artist's kindling eye
Glow'd with unearthly light;
And while the work was wrought,
They met his ravish'd sight.

And now I come, my lady fair,
To meet thy gentle smile,
Thy kindly glance I come to share,
To rest my weary toil.

But though the Casket fair appears,
The gems are found within;
And the richest gem I bring,
Their leave in'er shall din.

A. D. W.

Stockbridge, Mass.

REMORSE—A Tale.

One single moment of deliberate thought
And cloudless reason, would have spared me all
This guilt—this misery.—*St. Leonard.*

There is probably no situation in life so important as that in which the physician is placed, and there is perhaps no other in which so large a field is for feeling, sensitive mind. To linger by the bed of sickness, to wait on it where the living and the dead, to meet the fell destroyer in his most terrific form, and to wrestle with him for the speechless fangs the writhing, helpless victim—to be at the convulsive sob, the agonizing shriek of woe to listen to the feeble cries of a crowd of helpless children, and to be surrounded by the heart-rending world, needy and distressed orphans—to minister to the wants of all these, to be inanimate from on high is a great forte—when all the world was asleep and had no cares to disturb it, to be awake is about to raise the shout of victory—to listen to the last word, the dying exertion of the pulsating heart, and to close those horrid cries which had lain concealed for years in the recesses of the soul—to be the first to hear the painful duty which falls to our lot. True, indeed the duties attached to the medical profession do occur in infinite bliss, as the following plain narrative will evidently show. Should any one desire such story, it may interest those whose duties are yet unpreserved by the fearful, to read the following:

It was on the afternoon of a stormy day in November, in the month of our visit a patient, who resided in the country some six or eight miles from the city, sent for me, requesting me to visit the weather, and the condition of the roads. Having received information that the driver was slight had closed round me sometime cold ready and home. Wet and chilled by the severe cold, I arrived myself of my overcoat, and seated before a cheerful fire, took into that agreeable and refreshing state which every person in a similar situation, has experienced. There is something so pleasant in feeling sensible of our own comfort and safety, while all around is drear and dangerous, that we involuntarily ponder at the idea of a change of situation; and as I sat listening to the wind howling fiercely along, and sweeping through the aged trees, which threw their

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guarded branches fantastically over the roof, and the rain pelting against the latter at times violently against the window, and again sweep with a regular pattering sound, I could not help feeling more gratefully wondered abroad on the situation of the many thousands of my fellow creatures who were deprived perhaps of the smallest share of that which I was so profusely supplied with. While musing in this manner, the door of my room suddenly opened, and a tall, well-dressed female, entered in the same manner entering the street house, blended with a fear of censure for her behaviour. She was partly clad, but dressed as when she, might have been called "lissey-woo" in her own language. My time and attention, with frequent patching, that it would have been a difficult matter to define either its pattern or hour or composition; her feet were caned in a pair of shoes, which, from the state of the weather, showed all that protected her head and shoulders from the freezing rain.

She stood as if to recover herself; then, with a broad Irish accent, inquired, if I was the doctor himself, that lived here?

I replied in the affirmative, and handing her a chair, desired her to sit down and warm herself. She sat down without speaking, and it was evident that she wished to ask something, but was deterred either from modesty, or fear of a refusal. At last, in a very hesitating manner, said I, at length, breaking a silence which had become quite embarrassing, "and must be very terrible to those poor creatures who are deprived of fire and shelter."

"Yes," she replied, "it is, and your honor's kindness encourages me to ax you, would you be so kind as to send a few things to my young man at my house."

"Is he your son?" I inquired.

"No, sir, he's a perfect stranger to me, as I may say, but he's been with me these four weeks—since last Tuesday. Poor boy! continued she, sighing, "I think he's send better times, and when he comes out of gaol, I'll be bell'ly thereon' rayean' talk for hours an' hours together, and I love all what I can to comfort him an' says I to him, says I, don't take this an to heart, you'll come out of gaol, I'll soon be on better times" But it does no good, at all, at all; he only shakes his head, an' looks so pitiful, that its enough to break one's heart; an' so, to ought he called me to him, an' says he, my kind Mrs. Miles—for my name is her honour—says he, you have been very good to me, an' I'm sorry I'm not able to pay you, but can't pay you for your trouble, says he, but God will reward you for the care you have taken of the poor stranger; an to be sure, yer honour, he looked on quite and bad, but so soon as I seed him in a couple of laughter stuff, I started out, though all the rain, unknown to him, to see if I could get anything for him.

Moved by her simple story, I rose, and after a few professional inquiries, observed, "I think though the weather was not so pleasant as I could wish, that I might be induced to go with you myself, and see your son."

"Oh, sir, he's a perfect stranger to me, as I may say, but he's been with me these four weeks—since last Tuesday. Poor boy!"

The sequel is soon told. He died that night: and if man be permitted to judge, he died penitent. Peace to thy ashes, my young friend! The dawn of your life was unclouded—the career you had commenced, if pursued, would have ended in honour and affluence; but seduced from the path of virtue, by the syren voice of pleasure, your early impressions erased, and you sank into the tomb with scarce a friend to follow your remains.

His wish was complied with: his body was interred as he had requested; and no pompous monument marks the spot where rests the body of the gay, accomplished, unfortunate Henry H——. R. E. U.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

Shocking Occurrence.—A young man named Holmes, living as servant with a gentleman at 32, Argyll-street, entered the office and made the following communication to Mr. Dyer. He was passing down Dean-street at an early hour that morning, when he was called to by a female at No. 5, in that street, who implored him to come in, as a man had just committed suicide. He went in, and when he got into one of the rooms he saw a young man lying on the floor, with a pair of scissors forced into one of his ears and his throat cut from ear to ear. The young man was not then quite dead, but he had died before witness reached the office. The female who first accosted him was the servant of the house, and she told him that the house was about to be done up, and the upholsterer who had the job in hand had sent the young man, who was a paper-hanger, to do some particular portion of it. Shortly after the young man came, he said to her that he had a mark about him, by which he knew he should be executed. She told him not to entertain such foolish ideas, and he went up stairs. Hearing a noise shortly afterwards, she proceeded to the room where she supposed he was at work, and found him in the dreadful situation described by witness.

Mr. Dyer said the informant had done quite right in making this shocking transaction known, and he recommended him to acquaint the parish officers of St. George's with the facts immediately.

Police Intelligence.—Dublin.—Henry-street.—Breach of promise of marriage.—A respectably attired female, of youthful and extremely prepossessing appearance, applied for the assistance of the Magistrates. She stated that she had been seduced under promise of marriage, and her betrayer had refused to fulfil his promise, and he was now in the office. Sir William Stamer (as we understood) intimated that the Magistrates could afford no relief. The lady appeared much dissatisfied; and, perceiving the gay *Lothario* making his escape from the board-room, she immediately pursued him. "Love's blind, they say," and upon no other principle can we account why the fair one should have been led astray by the diminutive and unfavoured suitor, against whom she at present complained. She seized him in the hall of the police office, before he had effected his escape, and displayed a most unfeminine vigour of arm in dragging him into the peace officers' room, where she kept him for a considerable time in "durance vile." No way disheartened by the failure of his first essay, the faithless swain made another effort to escape, and, darting through the door, ran down Henry-street, pursued by the lady, who quickly succeeded in *captivating* his person as she had before his erratic affections. He quietly submitted to his fate, and was carried off in triumph by his successful pursuer.—*Dublin paper.*

The unexpected remedy.—Some distance up the country (India) a poor fellow was lying on his bed dying; he had been given up by the surgeons, but was still visited by them, more from matter of form, than from any hope of his recovery; his brother officers had been giving a party amongst themselves—the wine circulated freely, and, in short, they drank so much as to be lost to every sense of feeling. With one consent they [illegible] forth to the dying man's bungalow—one taking a cracked flute, a second an old violin, a third some tumblers, &c., and the rest tomtoms, or any thing they could lay hands on to make a noise. They then marched round his bed playing the "dead march in Saul." Whether his anger at such treatment, or his excitement, brought a reaction, I know not; but true it is, from that moment he gradually recovered, and is now well to laugh at the joke, thank them for it, and disappoint the subaltern below him, who had marked him out as a sure step.—*Lucien Greville.*

Wit in choosing Text.—A young preacher, in the time of James I. being appointed to hold forth before the Vice Chancellor and heads of the Colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What! cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the Vice Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeated his text, in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice Chancellor as often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The Vice Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and at the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the Archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his Grace procured him the honour of preaching before the King. Here also he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James First and Sixth, Waver not;" which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the Monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He's at me already;" but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his Chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text—"Sleep on now, and take your rest."

Duels.—The message having been carried by a friend, the seconds are appointed. They are immediately to put themselves in communication with each other, and from that moment are not to have any direct parlance with each other's principal. The principals are in the hands of their seconds. The seconds are to appoint the place and time of meeting, which must be subject to no change after the principals are informed of them, unless the seconds think proper to alter either, to prevent interruption. So soon as the time and place shall be appointed, the seconds will select the spot, taking notice that there shall be as little advantage as possible on either side in the position of the ground, twelve paces making the extremities. The seconds will toss up four ends, and the principals will be placed accordingly. The pistols having been loaded by the seconds in presence of each other, the brace will be separately given by them to their principals. The principals will stand right hand to right hand, each with the pistol cocked; this being done, the seconds will move wide off the centre, where, on arriving, they will stand together. One of the seconds, previously appointed with the knowledge of the principals, will give the word "ready," upon which the principals will each bring their pistols to the "present." The same second will then give the word "fire." The seconds will be at liberty to cry "stop," in the event of either of the parties not having fired directly after the word "fire." Either of the parties firing after the word, "stop," must be liable to the consequences before a court of law. In the event of the party who has offered or provoked the challenge not returning the fire, or firing in the air, this is to be considered as an apology, and the challenger's second must be satisfied, unless a blow or any such violent insult may have been the cause of the challenge. If neither of the parties be killed, or so severely wounded as to prevent further proceedings, the second of the principal who conceived himself aggrieved, or who sent the challenge, will be asked whether he is satisfied; if he should be, the affair ceases, if he should not be, the second of the adversary will be asked whether, after his principal having received the fire of the other whom he has offended or aggrieved, he will acknowledge it, so as to render further proceedings unnecessary; the affair may then be arranged by the seconds. Should the intervention of the seconds be without success, a second round is to be fired with the other brace of pistols; the same words being given, but by the other second. If a blow should have passed, which can hardly be supposed between officers, the second of the party who struck the blow must contend that his principal shall not be fired at so long as the apology is made by the offending party. The evading the operation of the civil law, in fatal cases, must be left entirely to the judgment of the parties concerned; but in the event of the duel being fatal to either party, it is the first duty of the seconds to proceed immediately together, and make written note of the proceedings of the whole transaction, which should be signed by both of them, each keeping a copy.—*United Service Journal.*

Anecdote.—"*A friend in need is a friend indeed.*"—The late Dr. Hunter, of Edinburgh, Professor of Divinity, was solicited by a Rev. Doctor, deep in the moderate interest of the church, for his support in a question which was coming before the Assembly. The Professor replied, "Why, Doctor B——, I will undoubtedly support you, if, after I have heard the cause pled, I find you in the right." To this the applicant replied, "Right, Doctor—right! D'ye really think I would have travelled seventy-two miles from D——ries to seek your support if the right? It's because I'm in the wrong, that I ask your vote as a favour."

Legal Pun.—Lord Lyndhurst, at the last Kingston Assizes, perpetrated an excellent pun. In a prosecution for counterfeiting money, a gardener, who had discovered one of the implements used for the purpose, was examined by Mr. Clarkson. "So, sir," said the learned Counsel, "you went to *sow the seeds* of this prosecution." "No, Mr. Clarkson," said Lord Lyndhurst, (who presided on the Bench) "he only found the mould."—*Eng. Paper.*

Advice to Duellists.—M. Guthrie, in his clinical lecture at the Westminster Hospital, says—I do not know whether it is advisable to recommend, with *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, in the *Rivals*, that gentlemen should stand fair to the front, in duelling, and be shot clean through one side of the body, instead of making as small as possible an edge, by standing sideways, and running the risk of being certainly killed by the ball penetrating both sides; but this I do know, that there is neither charity nor humanity in the manner of choosing the pistols at present adopted. The balls are so small that the holes they make is always a source of inconvenience in the cures, and the quantity of powder is also so small that it will not send a ball clean through a moderately thick gentleman; it therefore sticks in some place where it should not, to the extreme disadvantage of the patient, and to the great annoyance of the surgeon.—These things really should be altered with the present diffusion of knowledge.

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, July 13.

Appointment by the Governor.

Freeman Scott, Esq. to be a Justice of the Peace in the district composed of the townships of the Northern Liberties and Penn.

Tonnage of Philadelphia.—The amount of permanent registered tonnage belonging to this port, and entered at the Custom House on the 1st of April, was 44,039 tons; foreign, 5,966; enrolled, 28,073; licensed, (under 20 tons,) 1,615. Total, 79,703. This is exclusive of all vessels lost, or that have been sold to other places.

The amount of the tonnage of new vessels built and registered, from January 1st to July 1st, 1833, is 3,008 49-95 tons. Of this amount 2,238 tons are to be employed in foreign trade.—*Com. Herald.*

On Monday last, the following named gentlemen were duly elected Directors of the Columbia Bridge Company, for the ensuing year, viz—Christian Breneman, Christian Haldeman, Jacob Strickler, Evan Green, James Green, Samuel Johnson, John Barber, Benjamin Chew, John Forney Jr.

At a meeting of the Board, held soon after, Christian Breneman, Esq. was unanimously re-elected President, and Preston B. Elder, Esq. Cashier.

At a meeting of the Working Men's Library Co. N. Liberties, held on Wednesday evening July 3d, at the Library Room, No. 159 St John street, the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing six months, viz:—

President—Robert Riche.
Vice President—Nathan W. Eyre.
Corresponding Secretary—John Thompson, Pr.
Secretary—George S. Roberts.
Treasurer—Adam Mintzer, Jr.

Directors.

John R. Scott,	Joseph Leeds,
Samuel H. Fisher,	William Senn,
Charles Brightwell,	Augustus Neuser,
Michael Andness,	Daniel Clark,
Thomas Forsyth,	A. W. Benedict,
Henry Waugh,	Charles H. Roberts.

WILLIAM A. ENNIS,
Secretary, pro. tem.

July 8, 1833.

FOURTH OF JULY TOASTS, at Liverpool, Pa.

By Jacob Newbaker. The tree of Liberty, the roots of which were planted in America: may its branches for ever continue to shelter and shade us, and every branch bear a Hero.

Heaven forbid that *the Hero* should be suspended from the branches of a tree—it would be a most shocking elevation.

Here is one of a better cast:—

General Jackson—May the brave old hero never live to *die.*

Oxford Rail-road.—At an election for directors of the Oxford Rail-road Company held in this city, on the 1st inst., the following gentlemen were elected directors:—

Joseph McIlvaine,	J. Fisher Leaming,
Robert Patterson,	J. B. Trevor,
Henry White,	Charles Wallace, of Chester county.
Quintin Campbell,	

And at a meeting of the directors, held subsequently, Joseph McIlvaine, Esq. was elected President of the board, and Thomas Armstrong, Jr. Secretary.

On Monday last an affray took place between a master millwright, at Easton, Pa. and one of his workmen, in which the latter struck his employer, (Martz,) on the head with a club. Martz then seized him by the throat, and pushed him over the work-bench, when he took up a pair of dividers and inflicted several severe wounds in Martz's stomach and breast. Martz forced the dividers from him, and in turn wounded him in the face. The journeyman is now [illegible]. It is not ascertained which of them committed the first assault.

It was determined at a late meeting of the Savannah Jockey Club, to offer the following purses for the races to come off at the Bonaventure Course, in January next. They are liberal, and will certainly insure a good supply of horses and good sport:—

For the first day, 4 mile heat, a purse of	$700
For the second day, 3 mile heat, a purse of	500
For the third day, 2 mile heat, a purse of	300
For the fourth day, m. h. best 3 in 5, handicap, a purse of	200
Making a very liberal aggregate of	$1,700

A Boy found at Sea.—We learn from Capt. Evans, arrived this morning from Bermuda, that a brig arrived at that place on the 25th of June, which had fallen in with the British brig Douglass, ten days from Bermuda for Alexandria; had been capsized a day or two previous, in a gale of wind; took from her a boy about nine years old, who was in the cabin when she capsized. The boy could give no account of the captain or crew.* The long boat was gone. A schooner was in company the night before she capsized.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

* The Douglass foundred in the Gulf—the crew were taken off by the Br. schr. Jane, and landed in the Chesapeake about the middle of last month.

A New York paper, when mentioning a recent duel at New Orleans, by which both parties were injured so severely that one died almost immediately, while the life of the other was despaired of, adds:—"The one to whom it proved fatal, (and who was the challenged, and, it would seem, the aggrieved party,) was a highly respectable young gentleman, formerly a resident of this city. Our letter adds that the other party was informed by the surgeons that he must submit to amputation in both limbs, as his only chance of recovery; but that choosing death in preference, he had been attacked with lockjaw, and was expected to survive but a few hours."

There has been a very heavy freshet in the territory of Arkansas, in a river of that name, which rose several feet higher than ever before remembered. The plantations are deluged all along the river,—and not only the entire crop swept off, but even the land itself, in some instances, washed away. The roads were flooded on all the levels, and travelling consequently entirely suspended. Many lives, also, it was feared, had been lost. One or two bodies were said to have been discovered in the torrent of the river, passing Little Rock.

The following call upon the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia is—from its nature and date—a curiosity in this day. We have seen the original—probably the only one extant—and could not but view it with strong feelings of the great events which followed the apparently trifling cause to which it refers. It was posted as a placard around the city, and proved that the art of printing was, at that remote day, well understood here:—

Monday morning, December 27th, 1773.

The Tea-ship being arrived, every inhabitant who wishes to preserve the Liberty of America is desired to meet at the State-House, this morning, precisely at ten o'clock, to advise what is best to be done on this alarming crisis.

Fruit.—We saw no small potatoes at the *Horticultural Rooms* this morning, but the apple cherries were about as large and apparently a little more pliable. The Black Tartarians were larger and more luscious-looking than before; memory sighs over them with a vain regret. The Downer cherries too, were a fresh aggravation; and then as we passed on, the round and soft Catskill purple and white raspberries, peering and swinging half way over the basket-rim, as if to reach after the glowing carnations just above them—that was rather too much. One young lady was thought to sob audibly, and the others, one and all, casting but a lingering look behind, rapidly made their escape from the room.—*Bos. Mer. Journal.*

The Pittsburgh Advocate of the 2d inst. has the following notice of the Cholera in that city:—"The number of cholera cases occurring in this city, from Saturday morning up to 9 o'clock yesterday, as reported by the Board of Health, are as follows: In the hospital, G. H. Goff, convalescent; John Mewry, still lingering; Martha Davis, dead; Ann Watson, dead.—In private practice: John Wallace, convalescent; Mrs. Irwin, convalescent; Anthony Boley, convalescent; John Leyburn, dead. By health physician: Mrs. Barnard, and Mrs. Dougherty's son, recovering."

Melancholy Accident.—Wm. Lucas, aged 14 years, son of Mr. Samuel Lucas, and clerk in the dry goods store of Mr. R. W. Trull, 3?, Washington street, fell out of a small boat at Fresh Pond, on Thursday morning, and was drowned. He was in the boat with two of his brothers, and one or two other lads, and was in the act of sculling the boat, but losing his balance fell overboard, the other boys being so much frightened they could render him no assistance. His body was found about five o'clock, and brought to town. He was an excellent boy, much beloved and valued by his employer.—*Boston Transcript.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

THE SARAH SHEAFE.

It will be recollected that this ship arrived at quarantine a few days ago in distress. She was on a voyage from Mobile for Liverpool, and about a hundred and fifty miles out from Mobile was fallen in with by the ship Splendid, Capt. Britton, of this port, on the same voyage. At the time the Splendid came up, the Captain, super cargo, and four men, were sick of Cholera. The two ships kept company until the next day, when the Captain and the four men died. Under these circumstances it became a matter of serious consideration what should be done with the distressed ship. It was agreed to be the most expedient, that she should steer for New York, but some one was wanted to take charge of her. This, under all the circumstances, was a most undesirable office. Mr. John H. Smith, the second mate of the Splendid, offered to undertake the service, and Capt. Britton consenting, he took command of the Sarah Sheafe and brought her in safely. As an acknowledgement for the value of this service, the several Insurance Companies which had underwritten upon the ship, have presented Mr. S. with a beautiful Chronometer of the cost of $3??. Mr. Smith is the son of a very wealthy farmer in Pennsylvania, and follows his present occupation from mere love of it. He is now to proceed in the Sarah Sheafe as mate on her voyage to Liverpool, and but for his youth, being only 21 years of age, would have been put in command.

Epitome of the Times.

[illegible]

Foreign Intelligence.

LATEST FROM PORTUGAL.

[illegible]

not be exerted, or too much vigour displayed, by those Powers which desire (whether justly or not is another question) to preserve the existing political balance of Europe.

Marshal Soult has developed his plan for the reduction of the effective force of the French army, with a reserve. The effective force is to be fixed at 310,000 men, which, added to the reserve of 300,000, and the mobilised National Guards 273,000 will amount to a total 883,000 men available in case of war. Accounts for Paris state that the Ambassador of Don Pedro had an audience of M. Broglie, and it was in agitation to advance Don Pedro ten millions of francs.

All the accounts relative to Oporto, both from France and everywhere else, lead us to expect that a movement on the part of the forces of the young queen is at hand. Many fresh troops have reached the scene of action, and every thing demonstrates some speedy momentous exertion. The Marquis of Palmella, with three steam vessels filled with troops, left Falmouth harbour, on Tuesday afternoon. The officers and men were in high spirits. The Coleraine steamer, which left Falmouth on the 18th, and met with an accident at sea, was towed into Falmouth by the Confiance steamer, on Tuesday evening. The two other steamboats sent out after her on Sunday, had not then returned.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons,	$5 50
RYE do. do. do.	3 75
WHEAT, per bushel	1 10
RYE do.	80
CORN, per bushel	65
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,	none.
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	none.
HERD do. do.	none
BARLEY, Good, do.	65
FLAXSEED, do.	1 65
OATS, from wagons, do.	40
WHISKEY, do. per gallon, in hhds.	29
Do do. do. in bbls.	30
COTTON, per lb.	11
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	11
EGGS, per dozen	12
SALT, Ground, per bushel,	50
do. fine do.	50
LARD, per lb. Western	8
TALLOW, do.	8½
FRESH BEEF,	10
HAMS, Western, per lb.	9
BACON, do. do.	6
BEESWAX, do.	19
LINSEED OIL, do.	90
FEATHERS, do.	40
COMMON WOOL, washed,	22 to 31
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	17 to 18
LEATHER, SOLE,	21 to 24
LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.	$15 to 20
Yellow Pine	13 to 16
Oak, joice,	11 50 12
Hemlock, do.	6 50 7
Shingles,	16 to 23

[From the Philadelphia Gazette.]

Sales of Stocks, at the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board July 6, 1833.

			Par Prices.
$2200 United States 5 per cents.	1835	100½	100
2800 Lehigh, 6 per cents.	1835	101¼	100
22 shares Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co.	50		50
5 do. Philadelphia Exchange.	79		90
150 do. Girard Bank.	60		50

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 13, 1833.

NOTICE.--BOOK OF NATURE.

We are in the constant receipt of letters, tendering subscriptions to the *Book of Nature*, and promising payment at some future day. To such we reply, explicitly, that this periodical is of so expensive a character, that no subscription will be taken unless the price for one year is tendered in *advance*, or unless prompt payment is *guaranteed by a responsible agent*. When copies are forwarded to the order of agents, both agent and subscriber will be held responsible. tf.

On the Fourth of July, in the neighbourhood of Bush Hill, there was a most disgraceful exhibition of gambling. Within a very limited space there were at least thirty or forty gambling establishments, in full operation, and surrounded by crowds of boys, men and women. The Roulette and Dice tables seemed to be the most in vogue, as all that we noticed, contained piles of silver and notes, which had been filched from the unwary, in the course of the day. So far as we can hear, no molestation was offered to these unlawful proceedings, disgraceful as they were to the city, and to all concerned with them.

Accidents of the Fourth.—Mr. Joseph Watson, Jr. late merchant tailor, of Maiden Lane, New York, met his death in a very sudden and unexpected manner at Paterson, (N. J.) on the evening of the 4th inst. We learn from the Courier, that he accompanied a party from the city of Paterson, to witness the fire works in the garden by the Falls. In the course of the evening, he left his company and strolled out upon the cliffs, from which he unfortunately fell and was killed upon the spot. Upon search being made, the body was found below, and from the appearance of the leaves and bushes in the course of his descent, it is evident he had been killed by his head striking against a projecting rock.

A gentleman, who among others was landed from the steamboat Westchester, at the Narrows, Staten Island, in order to witness the Telegraph, met with a sad mishap on his return. When the boat bell rang to call the party on board, the gentleman in question, with some of his companions, walked straight down the hill, instead of following the beaten track; when about half way down, he fell and rolled to the bottom; during the fall, his face was dreadfully cut by the stones, and his nose so much removed as to hang by only a small portion of skin.

A lad was drowned while bathing at the glass house in Brooklyn. Another lad in the city, tore all the flesh from his left hand, while in the act of glorifying the day with a pistol.

At Salem, Mass. as several men were discharging cannon at sunrise, on the morning of the 4th, Mr. James Chase, a very stout labouring man, received so severe an injury that his recovery is considered extremely doubtful. The particulars are given in the Gazette. He was charging a gun, and in the act of ramming down the cartridge, when the charge took fire and threw him ten or fifteen feet, dreadfully lacerating and fracturing his right hand and arm, lodging several pieces of the shattered ramrod in his right breast, making a deep incision in his throat, and filling his face and eyes with powder and small splinters. It is feared that one or both of his eyes will be ruined. The arm was soon amputated and the wounds dressed.

The impressive ceremony of laying the Corner Stone of the Girard College, for Orphans, on Thursday, the 4th inst., was witnessed by a large assemblage of our fellow citizens. The stone is an immense block of marble, and was lowered into its place by means of sheers. Within it were deposited a copy of the Will of Stephen Girard, the coins of the United States, one $5 and one $10 note of Stephen Girard's Bank, bearing his signature; the newspapers of the day, and a scroll, which contained an inscription, embracing the names of the building committee of the College, of the architect, superintendants, &c.;—the names of the city corporation, the Governor of the state, the President of the Union, and the following memoranda:—"Stephen Girard was born at Bordeaux, in France, on the 24th day of May, 1750; his first landing in the United States, was at the port of New York; the seat of his residence and successful enterprises, was the city of Philadelphia, where he died on the 26th day of December, 1831, devising, for the benefit of society, the most splendid donation that philanthrophy had ever devoted.

This College, a portion of the beneficence of Stephen Girard, for the education of poor male orphans, was endowed by him with two millions of dollars."

After the stone had been properly placed, and the formal announcement of its completion had been made, the President of the Board of College Trustees, Nicholas Biddle, Esq., made a most eloquent and pertinent address, every way worthy of the speaker and the occasion. We have not room for extracts, further than the following sentences, from the close. They form an appropriate termination to the whole production, which reflects the highest credit upon its author:

"In the name of *Stephen Girard, of the city of Philadelphia, in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, merchant and mariner*, we lay the foundation of this *Girard College for Orphans*. We dedicate it to the cause of Charity, which not only feeds and clothes the destitute, but wisely confers the greatest blessings on the greatest sufferers;

To the cause of *education*, which gives to human life its chief value;

To the cause of *morals*, without which knowledge were worse than unavailing, and finally,

To the cause of our *country*, whose service is the noblest object to which knowledge and morals can be devoted.

Long may this structure stand, in its majestic simplicity, the pride and admiration of our latest posterity; long may it continue to yield its annual harvest of educated and moral citizens to adorn and to defend our country. Long may each successive age enjoy its still increasing benefits, when time shall have filled its halls with the memory of the mighty dead who have been reared within them, and shed over its outward beauty, the mellowing hues of a thousand years of renown."

It is appropriate to subjoin, in this place, a description of the edifice, which is destined hereafter to embrace so much power and influence upon rising generations. It is located on a tract of land containing forty-five acres, formerly known by the name of Peel Hall, situated on the Ridge Road, one and a quarter miles from the city. The estate was purchased from Mr. William Parker, by Mr. Girard, a short time before his death, for the purposes of the College. The United States Gazette has published the particulars annexed below, which were furnished, undoubtedly, by one fully acquainted with the subject. It is difficult to conceive a more splendid edifice than this College will be, when completed;—rising *ninety* feet above the landscape, it will be perceivable at a great distance, and from every quarter. Considering the magnitude of the building, and the high uses to which it is to be devoted, it may well be questioned whether Stephen Girard could possibly have selected or desired a more enduring monument. It has, indeed, placed his name "beyond the reach of oblivion;" for, coupled with the bestowal of blessings on posterity, it *must* be remembered.

The College building is peripterial, being 160 feet front, by 217 feet on the flank, including the porticoes.

The columns are 6 feet in diameter at the base, and 54 feet 6 inches high, including capitals and bases.

The order is Grecian Corinthian, from the monument of Lysicrates, or Lantern of Demosthenes, at Athens.

The superstructure reposes on a casement, in the form of a truncated pyramid, composed of 13 steps, surrounding the whole building. The passage between the columns and the walls of the cell is 15 feet.

All the columns, entablature, and pediments, are to be composed of white, and the cell of light blue marble. The floors and stairways are also to be composed of marble.

The vestibules are each 25 by 48 feet: they are ornamented with 16 rich Ionic columns, antæ, and entablature, supporting a ceiling embellished with lacunaria.

Each story contains four rooms, 50 feet square in the clear. The two rooms across the south end of the first story, are divided from each other by marble columns, and entablature of the Corinthian order, so that they may be used as one room, for the purpose of exhibitions, &c.

The whole building is to be heated by means of furnaces, placed in the cellar.

The College is located parallel with the city streets, fronting the south. The land at the base of the building, is 26 feet above the reservoir on Fair Mount. The whole height of the edifice is 97 feet, making the elevation of the roof 123 feet above the said reservoir.

Complaints of the non-arrival of our paper continue to flow in upon us daily, despite all our remonstrances. There is serious negligence somewhere, and if we could but fasten the delinquency upon the guilty, we should not be backward in stating the fact to the public. A gentleman who arrived in this city from New York, a few days since, informs us that at the Rail-road depot at Bordentown, he saw no less than eleven *newspaper mail bags*, all designed for New York, which had been there for several days, awaiting somebody's intention. If this be so, and our informant is positive of the fact, these numerous complaints are, in a measure, accounted for. Will those in authority look to this matter, or must we sound the tocsin again?

We have before us the Second Report of the Board of Managers of the Trenton Delaware Falls Company, to the Stockholders. It exhibits a flattering account of the operations of the managers from the 1st of July, 1832, to the 31st of May last.

On section No. 1, great progress has been made, at an expense of $1,522 57. The river embankment and wall have been nearly finished, and have, together with a wing dam which has been thrown out, effectually resisted the ice and freshets—though twice covered with water, and exposed to the severest tests. This section, though deemed the most difficult of all, has more than realized the expectations formed of its durability and usefulness. On section No. 2, little has been done, on account of the cholera; but the work will be carried on with vigour, whenever directions to that effect shall be given. On sections five and six, the work has been steadily prosecuted. Both of these are nearly finished. The three next, viz. 7, 8, and 9, have been completed. The 10th and 11th are also nearly finished. All these eleven sections include the whole line of the Raceway from Scudder's Falls to the Assanpink, a distance of upwards of five miles.

The Board of Managers have given a very satisfactory view of the improvements which have been effected, during the progress of these works. Some unforeseen expenses have accrued; but they will be amply repaid on the termination of this really great undertaking. We copy from the pamphlet the following extract:—

Since the last Report, the Board have purchased a tract of land in Bloomsbury, formerly known as the Sarton property, containing about seventeen acres of land, on which is some valuable buildings. The price paid for this property was $10,000. It is situated directly at the termination of the Company's works, upon the river bank, a short distance below the steam-boat wharf, and affords the most advantageous sites for the location of factories to be found any where in the country, being directly on navigable water, and but a short distance from the canal. The head and fall of the water of the Company upon this property is 18 feet. A part of it has been surveyed, and divided into 19 mill sites and 77 building lots, leaving about 4 acres for future operation. The plan for disposing of these lands, will be seen by reference to the accompanying map. In the proposals issued by the Company, these sites and lots are offered at the following prices, the purchasers taking water privileges at the same time.

10 sites, marked No. 1, at $680 each,	$6,800
9 sites, marked No. 2, at $1000 each,	9,000
77 building lots, marked A, B, and C, at $100 each,	7,700
	$23,500

It is confidently believed, from the rise of property consequent upon the location of the Company's works, that the portion reserved by the Company, or not at present offered for sale, will reimburse, in process of time, the whole expense of this purchase, principal and interest. It is admirably adapted for the residence of mill owners, and is susceptible of very advantageous improvement.

The property on the Canal or Raceway, depicted in map above alluded to, is of the most valuable kind. The facilities of this section, as a site for manufactories, are perhaps the best in the United States. It is a fine healthy quarter of the country; all the staple commodities of the region around, can be there conveyed; and there is now an uninterrupted water communication from thence to Philadelphia, and on the completion of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, the same advantages will be found for communication with New York. Altogether, the site is one which, from its excellent capabilities, should command the especial attention of capitalists and manufacturers. It will afford us no small satisfaction, if we should succeed in directing the attention of this prominent class to a section containing so many advantages, which we feel assured cannot fail, in proper hands, and under careful guidance, to be turned to good account.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard have just published a work, by John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man." The subject has been ably treated, by a learned professor; and though it is not the most captivating topic in the world, has certainly served to display the ability of a sound thinker, who might rise, on other themes, to eloquence.

We have been favoured by Messrs. Allen and Ticknor, publishers, of Boston, with a neat 18mo. of 200 pages, called the *Book of Politeness*. This edition is a reprint of the sixth Paris edition, enlarged and improved. The authoress, Mde. Celnart, is a lady who seems to have a perfect knowledge of propriety of deportment, and her chapters contain much excellent advice—designed, principally for the youth of both sexes. So far as we have looked through the work, we find nothing objectionable, and a good manual of the kind is certainly a desideratum.

The same publishers have just issued another neat volume, under the title of *John Hopkins' Notions of Political Economy*, by the author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. This is an interesting volume. Though the author appears in a homespun dress, and shows off his wife and sixteen children in character, he nevertheless tells some substantial truths, which it is proper the world should hear. Hopkins has learnt philosophy by experience, and though he deals occasionally with fairies and giants, he is evidently a man of strong sense. His elucidation of the system of wages, among the working classes of Europe, is familiar and concise.

The *Tales in French*, for young persons, by Madame Guizot, which have just appeared from the press of Messrs. Allen and Ticknor, of Boston, deserve a wide circulation, among the learners of the polite and graceful language in which they are written. Madame Guizot may very properly be called the French *Edgeworth*. Her husband, who is at present one of the principal ministers of state of the king of the French, has a reputation in no way superior to that of his gifted consort. Her writings have thrown great light upon the subject of education, to which she has paid much attention, in the publication of her *Annales* and *Lettres sur l'Education*.

The style of Madame Guizot is animated and pleasing: her stories sometimes remind us of the ease and purity of Marmontel. When she chooses a light theme, she touches it with all the raciness of Rabelais, without one shadow or stain of his impure burlesque. We can do no greater service to learners in French, than to commend to their notice this sprightly and instructive little volume.

Littell's *Dollar Magazine* appears regularly, and possesses a good degree of interest. The contents are various and spirited. Among other matters, a tale, entitled "The Hill and the Valley," by Miss Harriet Martineau, is contained in the last number.

The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine and Surgery, is the title of a new work, the first number of which has just been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard; and which promises to become a periodical of great usefulness among the medical faculty.—Physicians in the country, we apprehend, would find such a work invaluable.

We have received from the Messrs. Harpers, of New York, a new historical romance—called the *Whigs of Scotland*—just published, in two duodecimo volumes. A press of business has prevented us from giving the work a careful perusal, but it is mentioned to us, by literary gentlemen, that the author, who is a bold and vigorous writer, has proved exceedingly successful in depicting the incidents and scenes of the Scottish persecution, and in filling his volume with strong events. We hope, next week, to furnish an extract.

We are requested to notice the following change in the arrangement of the northern mails. The northern distributing office for the Canada mails, late at Swanton, Vt. is now at Highgate, Vt. The alteration was made on the 1st instant.

The cholera, happily, is decreasing at Tampico. A paper of the 10th June, from that town has the subjoined paragraph:—"We have the most gratifying pleasure to announce that, according to the official reports of the physicians to-day, but two new cases of cholera have occurred.—May the Divine Providence deliver us entirely from this terrible and fatal scourge! Our population has experienced in *seventeen days* the loss of *nine hundred souls!*"

To Readers and Correspondents.

The favour of our correspondent at Claiborne, La. will be inserted next week. We hope to hear from him again.

Xenocrates we cannot oblige. The subjects he has chosen for an essay, are unexceptionable in themselves, but his diction is obscure and unconnected. In speaking of such matters, a careful and skilful arrangement of thought is indispensably necessary.

"Reflections of [illegible]," [illegible]

The Charade in our last paper has been answered by several correspondents. [illegible]

A Friend to Temperance has not properly digested his subject, and his style is very imperfect. As the writer is "yet a youth," he has abundant time for improvement, which, we doubt not, he will employ usefully.

The Wanderer, by Floriset, is very imperfect. The measure is defective, and the ideas commonplace. The production is evidently the effort of some careless hour.

Not to again disoblige "W. M." we have taken some pains to render his lines passable. He may expect to see himself in print next week.

The communication by D. will be inserted shortly. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.

"C." we cannot oblige.

It is stated in the New York papers of Monday, that the efforts of Mr. Holt, to obtain pure and wholesome water, by perforating the earth beneath the roof of his castle, have been crowned with entire success. Late on Saturday evening, the drill, which within the last six months had passed 640 feet below the surface, 510 of which were of solid rock, sunk suddenly into a depth of two feet water. Mr. Holt's most sanguine wishes are, we presume, now completely realized.

We are pleased to learn that the Typographical Society, of this city, have resolved to establish a permanent Library, for the use of its members and others.—The object of this society, it will be remembered, is solely the relief of its members in time of sickness, and as the funds can be appropriated to no other purpose, the proposed Library must be formed, in a great measure, from individual contributions. It is hoped that the friends of literature, generally, as well as the members of the craft, will assist in this laudable object.

Elizabeth Brown, a girl about twenty years of age, committed suicide about 10 o'clock, on Saturday evening, by jumping into the river, near Callowhill street wharf. The splash in the water was heard by some young gentlemen, who were fishing in the neighbourhood, who immediately repaired to the spot, and after some delay succeeded in getting the body out. The vital spark had, however, fled for ever. The girl, we are informed, has respectable parents residing in Lancaster county. She had been seduced from her home by the wiles of an intriguer, by whom she was afterwards deserted. It is stated that she had made several previous attempts to take her life.

NOTES OF A TOUR.

To the Editors of the Philadelphia Gazette.

BALTIMORE, June 22d, 1833.

Gentlemen—A little rest, after a good deal of fatigue and trouble, is most delightful enjoyment. You whose labours for the gratification of the public, are exceedingly onerous, daily, and without intermission, know the value of a little relaxation. The habitually idle only, do not enjoy rest, and really they are to be pitied.

I said to myself this morning, while looking from my chamber window at Barnum's, "shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" There is much here to see, and much to admire; and if I had leisure I could spend a week, and perhaps a month, pleasantly and profitably, in looking about the city. Barnum's Hotel is itself a world in miniature. It is truly an immense establishment, and no less comfortable than capacious. Every thing you desire, is at hand in a moment—every thing is neatly arranged and in perfect order—and every thing is sumptuous. The proprietor coins money, though his charges are quite moderate.

I shall tell you what I think of Baltimore generally, but don't expect me to write a description of the place. My stay here will be too brief to afford me an opportunity of minute examination, and you must therefore be content with my "first impressions."

You know the partiality of Philadelphians for their own city, and all that is connected with it, and you know how strenuously they insist that no other place is to be compared with it, in any point of view. Of this prejudice I acknowledge myself to be possessed, to a considerable extent, and it may surprise you some, when I say, that by this visit to Baltimore, it has become weakened. Not that I like Baltimore as well as Philadelphia—certainly not. But if I were to change my residence, ten to one I should domiciliate here. I place Baltimore, in point of appearance, far before Albany, New York, and other cities, for the simple reason, that in its general character it more closely resembles my grand model.

Baltimore is less of a commercial city than I expected. The Patapsco bay, at the head of which it is located, seems to be too circumscribed for extensive commercial operations. There is not sea room enough, and I am told, that at certain places above Fell's Point, vessels of more than 200 tons burthen will not swim. The river, however, below the city, at some distance, expands and widens into a beautiful stream, as broad and as pretty as the Delaware. Many of the docks extend up the business streets, by which great facility, in loading and unloading freight is obtained. A broad canal, originally a creek, also passes through the centre of the city, upon which small craft are constantly in motion. This reminds the visitor strongly of the description of Venice. Around the skirts of the city, there is ample room for the extension of buildings, and there are many spots, which, if improved and laid out, would form delightful promenades. Public squares, such as ours, have been entirely neglected—a great oversight upon the part of the authorities.

The streets of Baltimore, though not as wide as those of Philadelphia, are reasonably broad. Generally they are straight, and cross each other at right angles. At this time they are quite clean. The houses are chiefly of brick, many of them handsome, and many elegant. Fayette street, though narrow, in the neighbourhood of Park, Howard and Eutaw, contains some splendid buildings, mostly private residences. Baltimoreans say that their style of architecture is more correct than that of Philadelphia.

Baltimore street is well laid out as regards width. Upon this also there are handsome buildings. This abounds with dry good and fancy stores, displaying large supplies of merchandize. The heavy mercantile and commercial business is transacted nearer the water. In one of the streets intersecting Baltimore, I found a spacious market abundantly supplied with various fruits, vegetables and other provisions. With the arrangement of this market I was much pleased. A much larger space is here devoted to the sale of vegetables than with us.

But I must not forget to mention the Monuments, which really are handsome ornaments to the city. The Battle Monument, in Calvert street, is an elegant structure of stone, decorated with various chiselled inscriptions and insignia. It would look well, but there is too little space around it. This fault is apparent in very many of the public buildings and edifices of Baltimore. They are blocked up too closely together, without vacancies either in front or alongside. The Washington Monument, erected on high ground in Charles streets, towers to the height of about 170 feet. It is a plain column, twenty feet in diameter at the base, and fourteen at the summit, which is surmounted by a square, upon which the statue is placed. It has a neat and finished appearance. The view of the city and adjacent country, from the top, is said to be elegant. I had not leisure myself to make the ascension, which is quite laborious. The Exchange, in this vicinity, is a spacious and well built edifice.

Public amusements in Baltimore, I should infer, from my observation, are not very extensively patronized. There is but one Theatre open now—the Front street—in which an Equestrian Company and the Jefferson family are performing. I dropped in a moment last evening, and found a thin audience. I noticed Cuddy, with his flute, in the orchestra.

The rail-road leading from Baltimore to the Ohio river, at Pittsburgh, is completed to Fredericktown, sixty-two miles, and there is much travelling upon it. The cars are drawn by horses, and the trips are made in about six hours. Ellicott's mills, twelve miles from Baltimore, on this road, is a busy place, where an enormous quantity of flour is manufactured annually.

I called this morning on several of the editorial fraternity, and was pleased to find them clever, sociable and intelligent gentlemen, as all editors ought to be. They of the Morning Visiter very kindly aided me in my inquiries, and should they ever visit Philadelphia, please reciprocate the favour on my account.

My letter is extending to too great a length, but I must say one word about the ladies. They are decidedly pretty, with most bewitching and most penetrating dark eyes. It will be dangerous for me to stay here long, or I should forget my vow.

CHOLERA.

A letter from Harrodsburg, dated 29th June, says: "I shall not attempt to describe the situation of the inhabitants of this devoted village. More than half of those who have not fled, are down with cholera, and the number of deaths in proportion to the attacks, is increasing. I found my wife and mother-in-law and five servants down. My mother-in-law and one servant are dead—and God knows when the pestilence will be stayed. Dr. Baylie's wife, my nearest neighbor, was well at breakfast and a corpse before night. Major Allen and his wife died as suddenly. I am not well—far from it—but, I endeavour to withdraw my mind from the danger, by incessant devotion to the afflicted of all classes."

In the close of his note the writer says:—"Judge Boyle and General Adair are down, and Col. John Thompson dead."

A London packet states that the Magnet steam packet lately left London, having on board three hundred and fifty young widows and spinsters, who were about joining a vessel at Gravesend, which was bound to Van Dieman's Land, whither these candidates for hair bands were desirous of emigrating! They departed amidst the cheers of thousands of spectators!

At a recent Debtor's Court in London, a man named S. Stansbury, a tobacconist, was an applicant for the benefit of the insolvent laws. He was opposed by Gillett and Barker, two of his creditors, but without success. During the investigation which followed this opposition, it appeared satisfactorily that Stansbury had been ruined by a *Dog*, to obtain possession of which he had become involved in a harrassing law suit. He originally possessed the dog, and was prosecuted by Gillett, who alleged that his claim to the animal was the strongest. This action was afterwards withdrawn, but not until Gillett had got possession of the dog. Then Stansbury sued Gillett and Barker, and spent in prosecuting the suit more than £400, and £150 additional in paying twenty-six witnesses. Finally judgment was rendered against him, and on the arbitration, costs to the amount of £232 had accumulated. The payment of these sums completely broke him up, and prostrated his business.

The Boston and Portland editors, strenuously insist that the Sea Serpent is again to be seen in their waters. The latest accounts mention not one Sea Monster only, but a whole family, and the statement seems to be substantiated by credible witnesses. We are unwilling to be considered incredulous, but are free to acknowledge that we would feel better satisfied if our Eastern friends would spare us a small Serpent, for the use of our little Delaware. Will our good and facetious neighbour of the Transcript supply this order?

A man named William Avery, was tried in the New York Court of Sessions, on Friday last, and sentenced to imprisonment, for having abstracted thirty dollars from a lady's reticule, at church. The New York papers give these particulars:—A young lady, on entering St. John's Church, to attend a week-day lecture, passed Avery in the aisle, who immediately followed, closed her pew door with seeming politeness, and took a seat in the pew immediately back of her's. The affair was singular, and attracted the notice of the lady, but did not so far awaken her suspicions as to prevent her throwing down her reticule upon the cushion by her side, notwithstanding it contained a wallet with thirty dollars. After prayers she was surprised, on opening her reticule, to find the wallet lying on top of her pocket handkerchief, and turned to look for the gallant gentleman, but he had decamped, feeling, no doubt, quite sure of having obtained some good at church.

The whole of this proceeding, unfortunately for the prisoner, was observed by a gentleman in the gallery, who took such critical notice of the prisoner's appearance, as to be able to identify him, when arrested. It is supposed that Avery has been guilty of such delinquencies in afore time.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 5.—Received from		Received from	
J. J. Carter,	2 00	Jno. Burnham, Esq.	8 00
W. P. Phillips,	10 00	C. Miller, Esq.	20 00
John H. Riggs,	2 00	W. Smith, Esq.	3 00
Boaz Walton,	2 00	A. Monro, Esq.	5 00
Wm. H. Clark,	2 00	C. T. Isham, Esq.	2 00
Jonathan Darling,	1 00	Jacob Gerhand, Esq.	5 00
Lot Cornelius,	2 00	A. W. Archer,	4 00
Matthias Day,	2 00	J. R. Price,	4 00
Maj. T. C. Howard,	5 00	Jacob Geiger,	10 00
Levi K. Brown,	15 00	Richd. M'Clure, Esq.	4 00
Isaac Thomas, Esq.	1 00	Jas. E. French,	2 00
C. B. Gregory, Esq.	2 00	*July 9.*	
Wm. Russell, Esq.	5 00	C. A. Black,	5 00
Spencer Hickcox,	3 00	N. M. Martin,	10 00
C. Ives, Esq.	2 00	J. P. Gray, (nett)	1 75
How'd Kennedy, Esq.	2 00	John Reynolds, notes, &c. $3,	12 25
D. Patman, Esq.	2 00		
A. O. Hand, Esq.	2 00	J. D. Lee, Esq. & Enc.	5 00
W. S. Holabird, Esq.	2 00	Moses Smith Esq.	3 00
Richd. T. Field, Esq.	2 00	M. Dent, Esq.	5 00
A. O. Hand, Esq.	2 00	S. M. Killen, Esq.	5 00
Corn'ls Stewart, Esq.	2 00	C. Tremain, Esq.	2 00
G. Wilson, Esq.	5 00	Hor. D. Balch, Esq.	4 00
J. Kinney, Jr. Esq.	2 00	W. B. P. Gaines, Esq.	2 00
Richard A. Worrell,	5 00	John Blakey, Esq.	2 00
Wm. E. P. Rogers,	12 50	Chester Loomis, Esq.	1 00
N. R. Morse, (nett)	1 80	A. Munro, Esq.	5 00
A. Campbell, Esq.	2 00	Geo. Bruce, Esq.	2 00
July 6.		Thos. Creighton, Esq.	4 00
John W. Durham,	5 00	Joseph Allen, Esq.	9 00
P. T. Posey,	20 00	*July 10.*	
R. W. Sale,	5 00	J. S. Freligh,	10 00
Sol. Warner & Co.	8 00	Alexander Owens,	5 00
Lucian Osgood,	1 00	Wm. J. Bayless,	2 00
J. Buckingham, Esq.	3 00	Tunis Forman,	4 00
John D. Dalton,	5 00	E. M. Davis, Esq.	10 00
S. B. Richey,	5 00	J. M. Campbell, Ky.	40 00
Wm. Inday, Esq.	1 00	D. Emory, Esq. Pa.	2 00
Lewis Salla, Esq.	10 00	J. Findlay, Esq. Pa.	10 00
J. K. Place, Esq.	2 00	Wm. M'Connell, Esq.	5 00
D. Y. Foot, Esq.	4 00	Joseph Herbert, Esq.	5 30
Joseph Wright, Esq.	2 00	Wm. H. Jones, Esq.	3 00
S. J. Prosser, Esq.	2 00	M. L. M'Chesney, Esq.	4 00
Wm. Gunckell, Esq.	4 00	*July 11.*	
Joseph Shirk,	5 00	A. G. Brashear,	5 00
July 8.		H. K. Reynolds,	5 00
[illegible] Harvey,	9 00	F. Tomlinson, Esq.	1 00
G. Clark, Esq.	2 00	Saml. Stevenson, Esq.	5 00
W. A. Rusborough,	2 00	J. C. Hancock, Esq	5 00
W. J. Langley, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Ross, Esq.	2 00
Cesar Keeler, Esq.	1 00	Benjamin Banman,	16 00

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

The Inquirer of Wednesday morning, contains the following announcement:—

"A Militia Outrage.—One of our most respectable citizens, a clerk in one of the Banks, and a member of the Society of Friends; was a few days since suddenly arrested by a militia fine collector, for a fine of two dollars, and thrust into Arch street Prison, to the distress of a large family, and the surprise and indignation of a large number of friends. We shall endeavour to ascertain the particulars of this case, and solicit from our fellow citizens, all facts that come to their knowledge, showing the evils and barbarity of the present militia system, pledging ourselves from this time forward, to exercise every energy for its total abolition, looking upon it as we do, as disgraceful to the State and the age."

We join our neighbour in his pledge, though since we first knew the evils and grievances arising from this odious militia system, our humble efforts for its abolition, have been unceasing. A more abominable system of persecution than that waged against the community by the collectors of militia fines, under the sanction of the law, has never existed in any country, in any age, and for this we are indebted to a few members of our State Senate, who claim to be considered *statesmen!* At the proper time we shall aid the Inquirer in holding up the conduct of these men to the strict scrutiny of their constituents.

From the Boston Traveller.

Jack Downing.—Attempts have been slyly made to identify the original writer of the celebrated Jack Downing letters with a gentleman of this city, when it is well known by those who have a chance to know any thing of the matter, that whatever credit these humorous productions deserve, is justly due to the editor of the Portland Courier, in whose paper they first appeared. There are, however, sundry writers in this city, New York, and elsewhere, who assume the name of Jack, and attempt to counterfeit his style; but they are vile imitations after all. The original, the Simon Pure Jack Downing, complains thus in the Portland Courier of the men who steal his name:—

"Now I think ont, there is the most rascally set of fellows skulking about somewhere in this part of the country that I ever heard of, and I wish you would blow 'em up. They are worse than pick-pockets. I mean them are fellers that's got to writing letters and putting my name to 'em and sending 'em to the printers. And I heard there was one sassy feller last Saturday down to Newberryport that got on to a horse and rid about town calling himself Major Jack Downing, and all the soldiers and the folks marched up and shook hands with him and thought it was me. Now my dear old friend isn't this too bad? What would you do if you was in my case? I say again they are worse than the pick-pockets. Isn't it Mr. Shakspeare that says something about he that steals my mummypus steals trash, but he that steals my name ought to have his head broke. I wish you would find that story and print it."

CAPE DE VERDS.

From the subjoined statement, furnished the editors of the New York Commercial, it appears that the inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands, are still suffering from famine. The writer says—

"Our stay at Port Praya was too short to become familiar with the manners and customs of the people—but we were long enough to witness some of the sufferings which this group of islands has recently experienced.—They are not yet at an end; they are still dying daily, and some of the poor I saw picked up by their limbs as a butcher's boy would pick up slaughtered sheep, and carried through the street, without even a 'grave cloth,' buried as you would bury a horse or a dog. Famine is sweeping over these 'little specs on the ocean,' with far more fearfulness than the cholera in America. The vessel from Portland, and that from Philadelphia, both with provisions for the dying, afforded new life to the almost dead. Not less than thirty-three thousand, out of one hundred thousand, have died within one short year. The scenes of wretchedness as presented at Antonio, Bravo, and Tago, are beyond description.

"At St. Jago, there was but little of it, comparatively, except from those who flocked there for relief from the other islands. Those of them who still lived were grouped together in a large yard, under the direction of the police or the American Consul, and fed from provisions which our country has so kindly sent to them. The scene was an afflicting one. Here and there I was pointed to little orphan children, who had neither father, mother, brother nor sister left. Some of them were sitting on the ground, with a little garment thrown over them to screen them from the winds which were then blowing very coldly, and so far gone as to be entirely insensible of what was passing around them. Others were walking as mere skeletons on earth, crying with piteous moans for 'bread,' but whose stomachs, when given, were too weak to derive any nourishment from it. Mothers, with nothing but skin and bones themselves, were bowing and courtesying for a copper to buy something for their children to eat, with an importunity that might move a stone. Such a sight I had never before witnessed and it has left an impression which cannot be forgotten. But God is just and good."

There was a great celebration of the 4th at W[illegible] chester, (Va.) and we copy a few of the toasts by way of sample:—

By Lieut. J. S. Carson. Nullification bad!—Secession worse!!—Consolidation—worst!!!

By Sergt. Hoff Consolidation—Woes!—Wusser!! Wussest!!!

By Wm. Washabaugh. General Jackson deserves the thanks of his countrymen for the patriotic principles contained in his proclamation. The further he advances with those principles, the more he is admired.

By Joseph H. Sherrard. The South Carolina doctrine of Nullification, and the Federal principles of the Proclamation; The Scylla and Charybdis which threaten our Federal Union. A prudent mariner in charge of the vessel of state will avoid both extremes with equal care. In medio tutissimus ibis.

By John S. Heiss. Democracy—As it is used to be when men fought about it.

By John P. Cocery. The Constitution of the United States—*Once* the bulwark of our liberties—expiring now beneath the wounds inflicted by a reckless majority.

By J. M. Hulet. Lieut. R. B. Randolph—Whose recent conduct towards the Chief Magistrate of the United States has lowered him in the estimation of every true republican—has tarnished the lustre of those laurels which he once so gallantly achieved in the American navy—and which has rendered him unworthy the name of an honorable Virginian.

By W. S. Anderson. Lieut. R. B. Randolph—The high minded Virginian, who knows his rights, and knowing, dares maintain them. He has nobly dared "to beard the Lion in his den—the douglas of his hall."

"Yes, tell such lordling, wide and far,
(For it a wholesome truth discloses,)
That every freeman's *feelings* are
As sacred as his rulers' *noses*."

We extract the following horrible account from the Belvidere Apollo. Clough and Mina are saints compared with such a villain.

Mark the Villain.—The most villainous conduct of a person named Jacob Insley, who resided near this village, became public about the 15th ult. He was charged by his *daughter*, a girl now about fifteen years of age, of having held illicit intercourse with her during the two years past, threatening her with instant death if she made any disclosures of his atrocious practices. Insley, on ascertaining his conduct was known, sold what property he could readily dispose of, and left a family of several young children pennyless, on the charity of the public.

The mother of the girl was living during most of the time. It is supposed her death was hastened by the knowledge of her husband's criminality, and his abusive conduct towards her; while she was suffering from palsy, which rendered her speechless. We are informed by a physician who attended her near her decease, that she often attempted to speak, and would point to her husband and cry "*wo! wo!*" while her features expressed the deepest horror. The crime was first attempted while the monster was excited by spirituous liquor, he having first driven his wife from the house, who sought protection from a neighbour.

Jacob Insley is a shoemaker, between forty-five and fifty years of age, dark complexioned, about middle height and slim; his hair changing grey. When last heard of, he was on his way to Michigan.

It is much to be regretted that he has escaped the punishment demanded by our laws for incest, which seems far to slight for the offence.

Shipwreck.—We have received Bermuda papers to the 25th June. The brig Enterprise, Fitner, from Boston, fell in, on the 11th, lat. 33 30, long. 71 45, with the wreck of the brig Douglas, Prudden master, of Bermuda, bound to Alexandria, D. C., nearly on her beam ends, full of water, and all her sails set.

On boarding her, their attention was immediately attracted by some person, in a weak voice—and which was supposed to be that of a female—calling from below the deck, in the after part of the vessel; on finding the skylight off, the master put his hand down, and directed the person to take hold of it; the hand was grasped with avidity by a boy, who was immediately placed on deck; on being questioned as to the crew of the brig, &c., he gave the captain's name, where from and bound—that she was capsized on the Sunday night previous—that the captain and remainder of the crew were taken off by the schooner Jane, Capt. Davis, which vessel happened to be in company at the time of the accident—and that there was a box of money on board, which he heard rattle to the bottom of the cabin, as the vessel went over. Capt. F. finding the larboard main rigging and the foretopmast gone, the mainmast unstepped, cut away the mainstay from the foremast head, when she righted several feet, being relieved of the weight of the mainmast; he continued by her four hours, and had all his crew by turns on board her, endeavouring to find the money, but not succeeding, and the wind being fair, he was obliged to leave her, having taken from the wreck a chest and a barrel of bread, the latter wet, both found lashed outside the weather fore shrouds, and a few pieces of rigging and canvass.

The Douglas was about eight months old, owned by Messrs. J. Black & Co. her commander an active and experienced seaman; was in ballast when she sailed hence, and had upwards of $1000 in silver, on board—$3000 of which belonged to the owners. The boy saved is named Richard Prudden, a native of Bermuda, a relation of the Captain's, and about nine years of age. He says that himself and another boy were asleep in the starboard berth, at the time of the accident, and as she fell over, the other boy succeeded in scrambling up the companion way; that, as the water rushed into the companion way, he reached a trunk, which buoyed him up to the larboard berth, into which he got, that he heard Captain Prudden hail the schooner Jane, and Captain Davis replying; that he heard Captain P. and the crew get out the long boat and leave the vessel.

ALMANACK.

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

Just Published, ATKINSON'S CASKET, FOR JULY, 1833.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Important Discovery.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Books by Mail.

To Journeymen Cabinet and Piano Forte Makers.

Wanted to Rent. A SMALL FARM.

FORTUNE'S BOWER, 93 CHESTNUT STREET.

The Dollar Magazine

To Cash Purchasers.

Galloons.

Greenbank's Periodical Library.

Ribbons.

Removal.

Wanted.

Brandywine, Chalybeate Springs, via Wilmington.

Charles H. & John F. White's

Schuylkill Coal.

AGENCY OF THE CA[illegible]

Hasta thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

A PARODY ON MR. HOODS BALLAD, *It can not be the season!* *Lately published with music.*

It was late in the autumn,
My loving lot was cast!
It was the time when roses
Blushed purple in the blast!

A cold and cheerless season 'twas
When first my love I met,
For then the earth was newly covered
With snow-drops, dropping wet.

'Twas boisterous, and I bade you go
Home, for the snow fell fast;
And you, you pale, sweet looking blue,
A blue fell in the blast!

What made my frame shake fell queer?
What caused the ice to flow?
'Twas, sister, I guessed for parting kiss,
You pressed—a bill of snow!

And in my fate, as facing you,
I used to seal my love,
You threw cold comfort, when you should
Ice-land me thereon with.

TRUTH.—I have an utter aversion for all these little articles of ornament called trinkets. Under the head, I mean, rings, and head dresses, and such-like chains. I despise the whole of them; sooner like their appearance when worn by others, than I ever wear them myself. To use it in ascertaining what puppy young men will take to display their persons in the theatre—to trick themselves out with these gew gaws of jewellery, and of gorgeous colours, and deck it within —as if there was ascending in this hypocritical show becoming a sage. Ornaments, indeed! Why not carry out the practice—disfigure the nose with a jewel, and tattoo the cheek with a picture? Such are my sentiments, foolish affectations of dress discard them, I say, from the worship of refinement! Let them be worn by them on cow tails, as savages and negroes.—*Old Scrap Book.*

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

1. Passing a young lady who has a Leghorn flat; sending her gallantly in return his fine Russian nod which she takes for a bow of recognition.

2. To smell the candle out when in company with a lady.

3. To be asked about a young lady, whom you secretly detest.

4. A female friend wishing to borrow a dollar, for immediate use, to keep you from lending money to your pocket book.

5. To be obliged to confess poverty to a dun.

6. To make a good pun, which makes no one laugh but yourself.

7. Walking with ladies to be run by a drunken fellow, who is afraid of display his prowess.

8. Tight boots in a hot summer's day.

9. A shower and no umbrella at hand.

10. Dining seldom, to be obliged, through economy, to divide your fowl between your wife anxiety for one or so.

11. Unluckily enclosing yourself on the wrong side of an argument, when you have laden and learned counsel on the other.

12. Treading on a cat's tail when a lady is singing a ballad.

13. To be begged and pressed to take soup after you have stuffed yourself with a hearty dinner.

14. Calling Miss A. Miss B. and Miss B. Miss A.—also, reminding an old maid that Miss C. who happens to be just at your elbow.

QUEER CORRESPONDENCE.—In the year 1765, Mr. Horsbrugh, commander of the Indiana sailed from *Canton, Philadelphia*, which he presented at the open-house, and it was received with unbounded applause and acclamation. Garrick, hearing of his success, paid him a visit, unasked and unexpected, and requested to know what it was he could not *Encrich* guards to secure. He replied, he thought he could. Garrick wrote a pen full of paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Mrs. Abrahl, in the character of *Sparkish*. While the Rococus was writing the words, Beefsteakeus, the waiter at his chop-house, *met the song!* Garrick gave him the song and said, "You must not sing it to-night!" "Why, sir?" the honest intensity replied, "Then, sir, there is the money for it!!!"

A TEMPERATE MAN!

The following story has been published before, we believe, but it will bear repeating:—A man who had an engagement by some of his sober and temperate sons," who entered a grocery store, and called for a glass of gin. "You see so much of the stomach as they'd like to be."

A weekly contributor finds his way to the printing office at Edinburgh on business, called upon Dr. Georgeroy for his MSS. He was a physician of the old Scotch barber complaint, with a very complacent, and whose countenance bore the impression of benevolence. After entering himself, the following dialogue ensued.

Gentleman. Well, Dr. Gregory, I've come up to Edinburgh on the way o' business, and I just thought I would look in to see how you were getting on.

Doctor. Your health, sir? What is the matter with you?

Gent. I'm no just one weel i' the stomach so I'd like to see.

Dr. The stomach! I suppose you see a drunkard or a glutton, sir.

Gent. No, no, Dr. Gregory, ye ensure say that—ye ensure say that ye mean that I'm no a hard drinker, and a temperate man, and a deacon of the kirk, as my father was before me.

Dr. Well, let us see; what do you eat and drink? what do you take for breakfast?

Gent. I take coffee or tea wi' toast, and a fresh egg, in a bit o' mutton broth, if I have so much appetite for breakfast.

Dr. Yes, and then you take something by way of lunch between breakfast and dinner?

Gent. I ensure say I ens not gaun to conceal the honest; but I can take a bit o' bread and cheese, and a glass of ale, if I be thirsty, but ensure say I ens over much about it.

Dr. Well, what do you eat for dinner?

Gent. O! I'm no very particular, though I ensure say I like my dinner.

Dr. I suppose you take soup first?

Gent. Yes, I can eat a bowl o' soup.

Dr. And a glass of porter or brandy and water with it?

Gent. Yes, I like a glass of something wi' my soup.

Dr. And then you have fish, or beef, and mutton, with vegetables?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And a glass of ale or porter with them?

Gent. Yes, I take a glass of ale now and then, wi' my meat.

Dr. And then you have boiled fowl and bacon, or something of that sort, I suppose.

Gent. I ensure say I like a bit of fowl and bacon now and then.

Dr. And a glass of something with them?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And after the fowl, you have pudding?

Gent. I'm nae fond o' the pudding, but I can take a bit, if it be there.

Dr. And you must drink wine with your pudding?

Gent. I ensure say I can take a glass o' wine, but I'm a friend wi' me, I take a glass or so.

Dr. And when you have cheese, or apples and pears?

Gent. Yes, the grade wife is ever fond o' them, but I ensure say I seldom taken them.

Dr. But you take a glass of wine or two, with your nuts?

Gent. Yes, a glass or two.

Dr. Well, you do not find your dinner without whisky-punch?

Gent. I find my dinner sits better on my stomach with a little punch, so I take a glass or so.

Dr. And you have tea, or coffee?

Gent. Yes, I ensure take my tea wi' the gods wife.

Dr. And do not retire supper?

Gent. Yes, I can take a bit o' something, if it be there.

Dr. But do you go to bed without supper?

Gent. No, Dr. Gregory, I ensure say I like to gang to bed without my wee bit supper.

Dr. And do you eat the same supper?

Gent. O! a bit o' any thing—a bit o' salmon, or boiled tongue, or cold fowl.

Dr. And a glass of something with it?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And can you go to bed without a night cap of hot punch?

Gent. I ensure say I sleep the better for a glass of hot punch, I ensure say I sometimes take it, when I'm wakin'.

Dr. Well, sir, you are a fine fellow; you are indeed a fine fellow; you ensure no sin with a bit in your mouth, and a bit in your stomach, and a bit in your pocket, and a deacon of the kirk, as your worthy father was before you; and you have a wife as well as to your own ensurance, to be a glutton, and a wine bibber, and a punch drinker, and a whisky sot, and a gross downright of all ensurances, called punch.—Go home, sir, and restrict yourself to a temperate regimen in your eating and drinking, and you will have no need of my advice.

TO ASSAY.—Many have used the action of confession or external description. It is proved by actual experiment that the human blood is capable of receiving, in the course of an hour, as much as seven feet a half of water, which, by the action of the whole body, is at the end of the hour, entirely separated from it, and carried through the urine in small, of a single ounce, three ounces, and the whole body, at the end of the hour, is found to be as much as it was before the water was introduced. Many have used the fluid of a leaf which they have used for the purpose of a leaf, and the feeling of a bright healthy appearance, and the thinking of an water and which they have used to the purpose. When newly collected, they were employed during several hours, to be a leaf, as much as they could be thoroughly saturated with water, and when they were found to be thoroughly saturated, they were then dried in the sun, and when they were found to be thoroughly dried, they were then weighed, and it was found that the quantity of water which they had imbibed, by absorption, taking up the particles of water, but separating the saline matter dissolved in it.

TIME AND HIS CHILDREN.

Time passed one day as he went his round,
For his fish an inward pain,
And he in A his cot on a baby ground,
With a melancholy strain:

"O that my daughter Truth so bright,
With falsehood would keep pace!
For I see he travelers the world outright,
And solitude wears on her.

And his hour hair high, on his turned around,
At the sons of heaven's array,
And he knew as he heard the lumbering sound,
It was Falsehood upon his way.

"Sire," cried Falsehood, "since we met,
I have busily been engaged;
I have spread a snare in the kingdom's each,
And the world I left enraged.

"I see, my love, a poor old man,
And his locks were coming gray;
O'er sorrow's flood, for pain glazed in dyed,
And cleared he wished away!

"So the old man perished in despair,
By the force of this love I'll spread,
And then come up a maiden fair,
Whom heaven will wed.

"I told her he lay by mother's side;
And as she listed as well,
But her father frowned and found her out,
And he died yesterday."

Then the old man sighed like a leaf, and wept
When he heard this tale of woe;
And he turned to Falsehood, "Farewell,
O daughter, what can we do?"

"Quiet," she cried, "my eyes are dim
With my power, I'll be true;
For Falsehood is strong, and he flies long,
Like a hunter after you."

"And he will not stops a moment for me,
But mainly on I go,
And, sooner I go, is ever so,
He has filled the world with woes."

And the Winds went, and the Winds came,
And they blew as they listed to blow,
As they he heard her say!
Then he shook his head in his fairy hone,
For he could not longer way.

So Time passed on in his eagle flight,
And Falsehood went on her way,
But Truth went slow, and her heart beat low,
To think how she went last.

CONCILIATRIX.

The following anecdote was related at the late congress of Vienna, by a gentleman who was present:—Mr. Hunt, of North Carolina.

The gentleman in the world, said Mr. Hunt, that of a combined and drunkard, though not absolutely approaching to the character of a confirmed drunkard, was a Mr. Hunt, a native of Ireland, who had been educated, and the appetite for habit of drinking has been learned, and the appetite for liquor had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his manner to graduate it. It was true that men varied in their capacity for liquor, and that Mr. Hunt was considered as one of the strongest men in the country. He was indulged in this, it was not too much to say, that even when he was drunk, and when he was sober, he was a drunkard would be a drunkard still. In illustration of this fact, Mr. Hunt said, that on one occasion, when he was a boy, he was sent to a tavern, where were certain abandoned characters, who had been intimately used to get liquor drunk, and when prostrated on the floor by the effects of liquor, they